

But this is sure—the hand of night,  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives him a modicum of light  
Proportioned to his size.  
Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestowed,  
To bid the traveler, as he went,  
Be careful where I trod;  
Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
To show a stumbling-stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.  
Whate'er she meant, this truth divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids his shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme  
Teach humbler thoughts to you,  
Since such a reptile has its gem,  
And boasts its splendor, too.

—Copper.

## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MISS ROSE PORTER.

"Forgive, for 'tis sweet to stammer one letter  
Of the Earth's language; on earth it is called  
Forgiveness;  
Knowest thou him who forgave with the crown  
of thorns round his temples?"

Ah! I confess His name: so follow likewise His example."

They were young people just starting in life—Edward Dale and his wife Mary;—their home one of the snuggest little nests in the populous town of W.—. Half modern, half quaint in its odd combination of easy-chairs and lounges and book-laden tables, with here and there a high-back chair and settee that had belonged to a bygone generation.

Mrs. Dale was indefatigable in her search for "relics." She came of a good old New England family; so by the right of inheritance, her taste for these "bits of the past" was quite warranted.

But, though she was well satisfied with her possessions, one desire she had unfulfilled,—"An old clock!"—a verifiable old clock that counted time for our forefathers. "Oh! how I want one," the bright little woman would say, as she pointed out to her smiling husband the very alcove that seemed made for a tall, great round friendly-faced clock; and then, its loud tick," Mary Dale was wont to add, "would be such company in the house, when you are away, Edward," and caressingly she pleaded: "Do let us buy a dear, old clock to ring in for us the hours that are making up these happy days of our lives;" and gaily the young wife repeated:

"O precious hours, O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time,  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told."

And, happy little woman, she never thought, those days, of the afterpart of the poet's song. Well, it was better so,—better, that in the morning of life, as in the morning of the day, sunshine should rule.

It was after one of these talks that Edward Dale told his wife, if, for a moderate sum, she could find an old clock, she might make the purchase without consulting him. Thus it happened, before noon of the following day, Mrs. Dale's graceful little figure was flitting in and out like a bird from furniture warehouses and second-hand dealers.

Isaac Prindle's was the last place she sought, a dingy shop, crowded with a motley collection of valuable and valueless articles; and lo! in the darkest of all dark corners, covered with dust, festooned with cobwebs, half hidden by a huge chest of drawers, Mrs. Dale spied the coveted possession.

"Old! Yes, I reckon it's been a count-ing time well nigh a hundred years," Isaac replied, to Mrs. Dale's eager inquiry: "Is it very old; and do you know its history?" adding: "There be a history, that's a fact. That 'er timepiece is old; ye see, I come by it in this fashion: When old Squire Ritter's house was pulled down, a couple of years back, said the Squire's son,—him that's Squire now—says he to me, 'There's lots of rubbish stowed away in the garret, I reckon; take it, Isaac, for what it will fetch.' He never had no notion, the Squire's son, to enter that old mansion. Ye see, there was trouble when he went out of it,—sore trouble. The story was just this: The Squire's son was a headstrong lad, and high words was them that passed betwixt the Squire and him, high words and bitter, with which they parted, never to meet again in this world. Folks do say, the Squire and the Squire's wife forgave the lad, and there was some talk of a letter that was writ a-biddin' him come home, and let bygones be bygones, but never a word of such a letter did the lad receive, accordin' to his own account; and never did he put foot in that 'er house, never in this 'er town, for that matter, till the old Squire and his good woman had been sleeping in the graveyard for more than thirty years; and then, the present Squire,—he that was young and gay as a lark when last the townsfolk see him,—came back all of a sudden; and though that was a dozen years ago, his hair was as gray, his step as slow, and the whole look of the man as ye see it now," and old Isaac paused.

Then followed in a bolder hand: "Come back, my lad, I forgive you; I

# The Deaf-Saints' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y. THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1876.

NUMBER 48.

in his narrative to take breath, but only for a minute, for straightway he began again: "And that 'er timepiece ye've just bought, it seems to have the knowledge of a live crittur about them goings on I have been a-telling ye of. I had to stop its goin' arter I fetched it here to the shop for its tick sounded for all the world like a human voice, a-sayin' over and over: Forget—Forget—Forget—Forget. It wellnigh crazed me; I could not understand it; and says I to my old woman, I must just put a stop to that thing—. Then, ye see, too, most folks that come a-trading along with me, have many a thing to forget and forgive; or least ways to be forgiven or forgotten; so says I, it'll never do to have that 'er old clock a dinnin' ever in their ears them words, for that's a duty folks ain't ever-particular to be minded on."

After Isaac's story, Mrs. Dale was doubly delighted with her purchase, and with no delay her little white hand, sparkling with jewels, placed three crisp, new bank notes in Isaac's brown, labor-stained palm, saying: "Have it sent home immediately, Mr. Prindle, for tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, and I surely want it to tick its first tick, ring its first hour for us—dear old clock! that has ticked so many minutes, rung out so many hours for other people,—on the first Thanksgiving eve we have celebrated this giving celebration as this granted us. Think, we are bringing a father and mother's forgiveness to an erring child!"

And then the door opened, but what came after belongs to those many things in life,—real life,—that are too sacred, too tender, to be framed in these formal, printed words.

But is there not a blessed, beautiful hint in it for us all,—a Thanksgiving hint, 'Old Ticker's' Proclamation: Forgive and Forget? Shall we pass it lightly by? Ah! if all our broad land over it should be heeded on this Thanksgiving day, what a Thanksgiving it would make! Think of the weary hearts for-giveness would rest,—forgetfulness com-fort! Think of the hearts sinning, and the hearts sinned against—divided now, and yet loving still, that would be brought together! And, above all, let us ponder and accept that forgiveness we all so need, fuller and freer than any man can grant—though the man be a father—God's gift—forgiveness of sin, through Christ, whose love not only pardons but "blotthet out our iniquities," "mentioning them no more."—

N. Y. Observer.

## A Wedding at Oliver Cromwell's.

In one of the Historical Manuscripts recently published by the English royal commission occurs the following entry: "1657, November 14. On Wednesday last was my Lord Protector's daughter married to the Earl of Warwick's grandson; Mr. Scobell, as a justice of the peace, tied the knot after a godly prayer made by one of His Highness' divines; and on Thursday was the wedding feast kept at Whitehall, where they had 48 violins and 50 trumpets and much mirth with frolics, besides mixt dancing (a thing heretofore accounted profane) till five of the clock yesterday morning. Amongst the dancers there was the Earl of Newport, who danced with Her Highness. There was at this great solemnity the Countess of Devonshire (grandmother of the bridegroom), who presented the bride with £2,000 worth of plate. And ere long the other daughter is to be married to my Lord Fauconbridge, as 'tis said."

June 4, 1876. At last Will has spoken the words I so longed, yet dreaded, to hear. How solemnly sweet it seems to recall the tone and look with which he said, "Will you be my dear wife?"

Some people are very fond of anniversaries. To-day is the anniversary of one thing, to-morrow of another, and the day after of a third—all events in their own lives.

Now it is very natural that some occurrences should be borne in mind, such as one's birthday, for instance—though, of our knowledge, we should never know when it happens. So it is other events of great importance in our families, such as certain marriages and deaths. But beyond this, the practice of always dwelling upon the recurrence of anniversaries we think a very disagreeable habit. The lapse of time necessarily carries with it so many things it is painful to remember, that one who is always brooding over the past and dwelling on anniversaries acquires a melancholy as well as a meditative mood. It is like living in a burying-ground. The headstones of a thousand by-gone scenes are all he sees.

The storms of yesterday and the darkness of last night are past. The fond memories of the loved and lost we would always most tenderly cherish. But let us let anniversaries which enshroud us in the past be few; while with hope and trust in the future, we live actively and cheerfully in the light and sunshine of to-day for to-morrow we die!

—Fashion decrees that ladies' hats, gloves, and dresses should correspond in color this season.

## My Old Diary.

So I am "most too stylish for an old maid." Well, Miss, you are too loud for the street, and if you intended me to hear you, you are a shocking example of esthetic waste in raw material. For you are pretty, and where's the need of painting a cabbage like a rose. God did not intend it in the vegetable world; why their prototypes in the animal?

Before the old clock struck again Edward Dale and his wife were hastening towards the Squire's new house on the hill, a dreary-looking house, as it stood sharply defined in the moonlight of that November evening. But no thought of the dreariness disturbed them, so glad were they on their Thanksgiving errand.

"I do believe," said Mary, in a low voice, as Edward pulled the door-bell, "there never was such a blessed Thanksgiving giving celebration as this granted us. Think, we are bringing a father and mother's forgiveness to an erring child!"

And then the door opened, but what came after belongs to those many things in life,—real life,—that are too sacred, too tender, to be framed in these formal, printed words.

My heart can't be a "withered husk," or I—there! I'll not shed another tear over those few, foolish words. Am glad I need not confess this little annoyance to you. Guess such a one, however, is usually found in stories.

Perhaps I'd better flirt with some of these boys, or lass some old widow's second growth of affections; any wisp of manhood would be handy to keep me up on the current of elegibility.

Every one would call me an idiot, if I told Aunt Martha, when next she comes for her "dhrap o' tay," to tell my dear friend I had to refuse him. Then Fred B— condoled, and urged him to drive with him in his (Fred's) cutter "just for a ride." At supper they showed their thought-channels diverging from common acceptance, and a strong intellect, guided by judgment.

Hardie said, "Miss L—."

"Oh, by all means, do," said Will.

Then he posted off, and with his cronies contrived a plan to prevent Hardie's seeing me until the evening before the day fixed upon.

"Oh, boy! if I'd known at the time what those walks and rides meant, you'd have had a dish of sulks to digest." Of course I had to refuse him. Then Fred B— condoled, and urged him to drive with him in his (Fred's) cutter "just for a ride."

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## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY,  
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate  
AUSTIN W. MANN,  
Flint, Michigan, Editors.

REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign  
Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every  
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes,  
published; it contains the latest news and cor-  
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on  
receipt of five cents.

### The Cleveland Day School.

The question of a day school for deaf-  
mutes in Cleveland, O., supported by the  
school board, seems to be definitely set-  
tled for the time being. At a recent  
meeting of this astute board, a special  
committee on the matter made an ad-  
verse report, thus throwing cold water  
on the efforts of Mr. G. W. Chase, who  
has labored long and hard to establish  
such a school there. But it is not very  
likely that Northern Ohio will be with-  
out a school of this description for a very  
long time to come. And there is no  
reason why the subject of a school, sup-  
ported by the State, should not be agi-  
tated about this time. The Institution  
at Columbus, we learn, is already crowd-  
ed to its utmost capacity.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-  
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for  
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THOSE wishing to address Mr. A. W.  
MANN by letter, can direct to 677 Euclid  
ave., Cleveland, Ohio, until further no-  
tice.

WE have just learned that a deaf-  
mute named TAYLOR, was run over and  
killed by the cars in or near Chicago  
very recently.

S. F. BUCKLEY, a graduate of the Ne-  
braska Institution, has been appointed  
foreman of the printing office in that In-  
stitution.

MISS HATTIE E. MCGANN, teacher of  
articulation in the Michigan Institution,  
has a ten column article in the *Mirror*,  
descriptive of the art.

MR. THOMAS PAGE has been appointed  
foreman of the shoe shop of the Michigan  
Institution, vice Mr. KNIGHT, de-  
ceased. He is spoken of as a good and  
competent man.

THEY talk of removing the Nebraska  
Institution from Omaha to Lincoln, the  
capital of the State. This is from an  
Iowa paper, but the Institution folks,  
presumably well posted, scot the idea.

WE learn that W. M. FRENCH, the  
deaf-mute that raised such a row in In-  
diana not long ago, is trying to start a  
day school, in St. Louis we believe.  
The mutes thereabouts owe it to them-  
selves to see that he does not succeed.

ONE of the visitors at the rooms of  
the Chicago Deaf-mute Society, was Miss  
HELEN M. DUNNING, of New York,  
who had stopped in the city for a day or  
two en route for Galena, Ill., where  
she had received an appointment to teach  
a young deaf-mute child of wealthy pa-  
rents.

THE Reading Club of the Michigan  
Institution which is locally popular, held  
its first meeting on Nov. 3d. The pro-  
gramme, varied and attractive, was gone  
through, and impromptu renderings came  
afterwards. Why not allow deaf-mutes  
to join and let them read in signs?

DURING his short stay in Jackson,  
Mich., recently, Dr. GALLAUDET went to  
Steel's gallery, at the invitation of Mr.  
KERR, the well known and popular deaf-  
mute artist, and sat for his photograph.  
Very shortly after the negatives were  
taken he took the train for Flint. Those  
wishing photographs can address Mr.  
KERR.

MR. REID, lately of the National Deaf-  
mute College, and at present a teacher in  
the Nebraska Institution, had the  
pleasure of meeting his mother for the  
first time in nine years, the other day.  
She has been traveling all over the world  
and recently visited another son in Aus-  
tralia. Quite a scattered family.

IT don't pay to go to the Black Hills  
after gold, says the *Mirror*, on the an-  
tithesis of a letter received by one of the  
Michigan pupils, whether from a deaf-  
mute or not we don't know. Among  
other adventures the writer narrates  
how, in the capacity of mail carrier down  
the Yellowstone River, through the Indian  
country, he nearly lost his scalp.

THEY can't turn the Cook County  
(Ill.) Normal School into an Institution  
for the Deaf, it is said, because the land  
being a gift, was deeded in such a way  
that to devote it to any other use than  
Normal School purposes, would destroy  
the title and cause it to revert back to  
the donor or his heirs.

MR. A. W. MANN, the missionary,  
visited Delaware, Ohio, recently, and  
held a service in the lecture room of  
St. Peter's Episcopal Church. There  
was a good attendance of deaf-mutes,  
with a large number of hearing people,  
attracted thither by curiosity and interest.  
The service was held on Wednesday  
evening, the 15th instant.

The articulation excitement is cooling  
down in the Michigan Institution.—  
When first introduced it was all the  
rage, and all were anxious to learn, decim-  
ing its acquisition a matter of but a few  
weeks. The haste made was altogether  
too slow for them, and now they are  
doubtless thankful that they have the  
sign language to fall back upon, and find  
no cause to envy the few who still con-  
tinue to receive lessons.

EMORY SHOOP, Esq., of Delaware,  
Ohio, a well educated and enterprising  
deaf-mute, is engaged in the business of  
stone cutting "on his own hook," to use  
a familiar expression. He has already  
a large contract to fill on stone work for  
one of the finest residences that is to be  
put up in Delaware, during the coming  
spring. Mr. SHOOP expects to enlarge  
his facilities of doing work in his line,  
and give employment to several hands.

AMONG those who attended Dr. GAL-  
LAUDET's afternoon service at Cleveland,  
were several from abroad: Mr. and Mrs.  
OVERSTAKE, of Wooster; Mr. and Mrs.  
REDDINGTON, Amherst; Mr. and Mrs.  
MCCLAVE, Sen., with their son and his  
young bride, of New London; Mrs.  
BARNHISEL, nee Miss WORKS, a graduate  
of the New York Institution, residing  
at Youngstown, and one or two others  
whose names have slipped your corre-  
spondent's memory. They had a sort of a  
social re-union the day before the service,  
and enjoyed themselves very much.

IT was the pleasure of your corre-  
spondent, recently, to take of the hand  
Mr. D. S. RECTOR, of Sodus, Mich. Mr.  
R. is a graduate of the Michigan In-  
stitution, and now lives with his father  
on his large fruit farm, not many miles  
from St. Joseph, the great shipping  
center of the finest fruit growing region  
of the State. The farm contains about 300  
acres. A large portion is covered with  
peach and apple trees. This year Mr.  
RECTOR, Sen., shipped many barrels of  
apples to Chicago, to be sold on commis-  
sion.

A couple, who, the account does not  
reveal, went to the Centennial last Sep-  
tember, and their visit to the New York  
Institution is worthy of record. We  
quote their description:—"We were  
warmly welcomed to the 'castle of si-  
lence.' The first view of the noble In-  
stitution must ever be a thing to be re-  
membered. Soon after we got there we  
felt the explosion Hell Gate. [Hell  
Gate is about five miles away.—Ed.]  
Mr. A. went with some young gentlemen  
from the Institution, boating on the Hudson  
River, [In the Evangeline?—  
Ed.] Especially one beautiful moon-  
light evening they enjoyed themselves  
very much indeed. Some young ladies  
entertained me so that I was not inclined  
to go to the river. We were kindly in-  
vited to stay three days, during which  
our enjoyment was beyond description."  
Then they left on the day boat for Albany,  
and "in passing the In-titute some ladies  
were seen waving their hand-  
kerchiefs. Immediately we answered  
by waving ours, as much as to say we  
were all right." This Western couple  
will always have a good opinion of the  
Eastern mutes, we hope.

### A Deaf-Mute Service at Potsdam, N. Y.

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY, Rouses  
Point, N. Y., Nov. 20. A. D., 1876.

A service for deaf-mutes, D. V., will  
be held in Trinity Church, Potsdam,  
Rev. H. R. Howard, Rector, on Tuesday,  
December 5th, at seven o'clock in the  
evening, and on Wednesday morning,  
December 6th, at half-past eight o'clock;  
at this service the Holy Communion will  
be administered.

THIS is the last service that will be  
held this year, and the Rector and Mis-  
sionary earnestly pray you to give heed  
to the call.

AS the year closes it reminds us that  
the time is drawing nearer when our  
pilgrimage will end, and while these op-  
portunities for taking care of and feed-  
ing the starved soul are allowed to go  
unheeded, nevertheless the time draw-  
nigh when each shall have to give  
account for the deeds done in the flesh;  
so we pray you sincerely to listen to the  
admonition of St. Paul: "See that ye  
walk circumspectly, not as fools, but  
redeeming the time."

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE C. PENNELL,  
Missionary to Deaf-mutes.

HENRY H. HOWARD,  
Rector, Trinity Church, Potsdam.

### Notice.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in an-  
nouncing to the deaf-mutes of Troy and  
vicinity that Mr. Henry C. Rider, editor of  
the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, having  
accepted the invitation tendered him, is  
expected to lecture before the Troy Deaf-  
mute Literary Club, on the 2d of Decem-  
ber (Saturday evening), at 7½ o'clock.

ALL deaf-mutes of both sexes, and of any  
locality, are cordially invited to be pres-  
ent on the evening of the lecture, at St.  
Paul's Parish School, on State, between  
Third and Fourth Sts.

W. T. COLLINS,  
See'y pro tem., T. D. M. L. C.  
Troy, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1876.

### Notice.

Prof. Job Turner will hold religious  
services for deaf-mutes at the following  
places: Saco, Me., Sunday, Nov. 26th;  
Newburyport, Dec. 3d; Martha Vine-  
yard, Dec. 10th; Boston, Dec. 17th;  
Lowell, Dec. 24th; and Worcester Dec.  
31st.

### An Interesting Occasion.

THE ORDINATION OF HENRY WINTER SYLE  
TO THE DIACONATE BY BISHOP STE-  
VENS IN PHILADELPHIA.

it was churchly and scriptural." All  
these objections were clearly and fully  
met by the Bishop; who then proved  
that "the sign language and the hand  
alphabet were true and proper vehicles of  
thought," and "capable of conveying full  
religious truth to the mind and heart."

The Bishop then remarked that "it  
was not usual to speak of the qualifica-  
tions of candidates for Holy Orders in  
ordination sermons, but in the present  
case it was due to the Church and to the  
public to know the leading circumstances  
connected with this ordination." He ac-  
cordingly related how the candidate's  
father when a young man in London  
had been introduced by his pastor, Rev.  
Mr. Mortimer, (whose wife wrote the  
popular little books, "Peep of Day,"  
"Line upon Line," etc.,) to Bishop Mc-  
Ilvaine, of Ohio, had come to America  
to study for the ministry, and had de-  
voted himself to the Missionary work in the  
far East, till now he was known as the Rev.  
E. W. Syle, D. D., Professor of  
History and Moral Philosophy in the Im-  
perial University of Japan. An account  
was then given of the loss of hearing of  
his son, the candidate, and of the manner  
in which his education had nevertheless  
been carried on, in Prof. D. E. Bartlett's  
Family School, and in colleges for the  
deaf, both in this country and in  
England; as well as of his career since  
leaving college, with which the readers  
of the JOURNAL are familiar. The Bishop  
paid a graceful and deserved tribute to  
his early teacher, Mrs. Bartlett, "a lady of  
singular talent and scholarship,  
as well as of most lovely character."

In conclusion, Bishop Stevens com-  
mended the cause of the deaf and dumb,  
both in their schools and in the Church,  
to the benevolence of those whom he ad-  
dressed—thanking the rector and vestry  
of the church where they were assem-  
bled for the kindness they had shown;  
and commended also to their prayers the  
candidate about to be commissioned and  
sent forth, (who during these words, was  
called on to arise and stand before them;)  
concluding with an eloquent aspiration  
for the time when they should all hear  
the plaudit of their loving Savior, "Come ye  
blessed of my Father, and sing with  
faulthless tongues, the new song sung by  
the Redeemed in glory."

At the close of the sermon, the Bishop  
re-entered the chancel, and being seated,  
in his Episcopal Chair at the right of the  
Holy Table, the candidate and his pre-  
senter, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet arose and  
stood before him. Dr. Gallaudet then  
(Dr. Clerc interpreting for the people)  
formally presented Mr. Syle to the Bishop  
as a person whom he believed to be apt  
and meet for the ministry. The Bishop  
then, turning to the congregation, de-  
manded if any one knew of any  
crime or impediment in the candidate, he  
should come forth in the name of God  
and show what it was. After a moment's  
solemn stillness, no one responding with  
any objection or accusation, the Bishop  
commended the candidate to the prayers of  
the congregation, and all knelt.

The Litany was then read by the Rt.  
Rev. I. Hellmuth, D. D., Lord Bishop  
of Huron, in Canada, after which the  
Communion Service was commenced by  
the Rt. Rev. Wm. Stevens Perry, D. D.,  
Bishop of Iowa; and the Ten Command-  
ments being read, with the special Col-  
lect and Epistle, I Tim., iii, 8-13. The  
examination and ordination itself now  
took place, Dr. Gallaudet interpreting  
to the candidate by signs or spelling, and  
he replying by the manual alphabet his  
answers, being repeated aloud by his pre-  
senter. The candidate again rising,  
stood before the Bishop, who addressed  
him the seven solemn questions set forth  
in the Ordinal, to which he made fitting  
answer of his belief, and took the sacred  
vows. Then the Bishop came forward  
to the chancel rail where the candidate  
knelt, and laying his hand upon his  
head, said: "Take thou authority to  
execute the office of a Deacon in the  
Church of God committed unto thee; in  
the name of the Father, and of the Son,  
and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." He  
then handed to him the New Testament,  
saying: "Take thou authority to read  
the Gospel in the Church of God, and to  
preach the same, if thou be licensed  
thereto by the Bishop himself."

The newly-ordained deacon then rose  
and stepped inside the chancel, and all the  
congregation rising, he read in signs  
the Gospel, St. Luke xii. 35-38.

The offertory sentences were then read  
by Rev. Dr. Budder, the offerings being  
deposited in the Deaf-mute Mission for  
seventeen years past; and especially to the  
Bishop Stevens and mentioned some interesting  
facts relative to the Bishop and clergy taking  
part in the services. The Lord Bishop of Huron  
represented the Church of England, from which land Mr. Syle's  
father came; and Bishop Bedell was the  
successor in the diocese of Ohio, of Bishop  
McIlvaine, who brought him to America;  
Bishop Bedell, also himself had received  
and hoped soon to ordain a  
deaf-mute candidate for Holy Orders. Of  
the clergy, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Clerc  
were, as had been mentioned in  
the sermon, the sons of the two pioneers  
of deaf-mute education in America, and  
were themselves engaged in carrying on  
the glorious work—by caring for the  
souls of the deaf-mutes educated in the  
schools founded by their fathers. (It  
may be added there were also present  
Rev. Dr. Schereschewsky, for fifteen  
years a missionary in China, with Rev.  
Dr. Syle, and now Missionary Bishop  
of China; Bishop Elliott, of Western  
Texas, who has a little nice deaf  
and dumb—whence his deep personal  
interest in the cause; and Bishop Perry,  
of Iowa, nephew of Bishop Stevens,  
and known to many mutes as formerly  
rector of a church at Geneva, N. Y.,  
where he encouraged services for them;  
Rev. Dr. Rudder, rector of St.  
Stephen's Church, is a graduate of Trinity  
College, and a member of the same society  
as Mr. Syle, the "Beta Beta," which  
has given to the cause of the deaf such  
men as Dr. Clerc, Pres. E. M. Gallaudet,  
and Prof. O. D. Cooke; and Rev. Mr.  
Lewis, his assistant, is a nephew of  
Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburgh, who was

President of Trinity College while Mr.  
Syle was a student there, and who saw  
Mr. Syle at St. John's College, when  
the visiting American Bishops received  
the degree of LL. D., from the University  
of Cambridge in 1867. Bishop Gillespie,  
of Western Michigan, desired to  
take part in the services, but not knowing  
the outside way to the robing room, and  
being unable to make his way through  
the crowd, was obliged to retire.

The Communion Service was then pro-  
ceeded with, by the Rt. Rev. R. W. B.  
Elliott, Bishop of Western Texas. The  
Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, D. D., Bishop of  
Ohio, consecrated the bread and wine,  
and delivered them, first to the Bishops,  
then to the Priests, and last to the newly-  
ordained Deacon. The elements were  
distributed to the communicants by Rev.  
Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Dr. Clerc; the  
deaf-mutes, of whom there must have  
been about sixty, came forward first, filling  
space twice, and several remaining  
over for the third round, afterwards  
many hearing communists partook of  
the Sacrament. Bishop Elliott read the  
concluding prayers, after which Bishop  
Bedell pronounced the benediction, and  
this most solemn and deeply interesting  
occurrence was at an end.

While the audience dispersed, Rev.  
Mr. Syle received the warm congratula-  
tions of his friends in a quiet and modest  
way. He will continue to have charge  
of the Deaf-mute Mission at St. Stephen's  
Church, and it is to be hoped a larger  
sphere of usefulness among the thousands  
of deaf-mutes in our broad land, will be  
opened to him in God's own good time.

Resolved, That we rejoice to have seen  
with our own eyes, a deaf-mute ordained  
to the ministry, for the first time, in the  
history of the Christian Church, in regular  
form, and expressly to labor among  
the deaf and dumb, and are gratified that  
this honor was bestowed upon our own  
friend and pastor, Mr. Syle; and we re-  
spectfully request the Rt. Rev. Bishop  
Stevens to permit his learned, eloquent  
and convincing sermon, preached at the  
above mentioned ordination, to be pub-  
lished.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolu-  
tions be sent to the persons named, and  
to the *Episcopal Register* and the DEAF-  
MUTES' JOURNAL for publication.

JOSEPH

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Prof. Job Turner at the Centennial.

MALDEN, Mass., Nov. 22d, 1876.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Allow me to give your readers an account of my trip to the Centennial, and tell what pleased and entertained me most while there.

On the afternoon of the 21st ult., I steamed away for the grand exposition, by way of Worcester, where I stopped for one day to hold divine service, which I believe I did to the satisfaction of the silent people. They have a nice hall for Sunday worship and Wednesday night social meetings. We had a very enjoyable Sabbath there. I gave them a night lecture on Esther, which, no doubt, entertained them much. At the close of my lecture, they shook hands with me, and told me they wished me a pleasant journey, and a good time at the great show.

I started for Philadelphia, via New York, the same night at half past ten o'clock, and reached there the next morning at half past nine—several hours sooner than I expected to. Then I turned my face toward the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where Mr. Foster, the principal, received me with the kindness of a true friend. Certainly he did all he could to make my stay comfortable, and I enjoyed a very pleasant home with him and his officers, who treated me with great kindness during my visit to the show, which lasted about nineteen days, several days longer than I had intended to remain. I was much more pleased with the exhibition than I thought I should be, and I derived a great deal of knowledge from what I saw. I could clearly feel that God showed the Centennial visitors, as it were, a grand picture of all the works done for His glory through the agency of man. The first words which God said to the world were "Let there be light, and there was light." It seems to me that God said to everything in the world, "Let there be light, and there was light." For instance, Prof. Morse was trying to invent the magnetic telegraph; he must have got light from God in some mysterious way, and there was light in his invention. It was the same with Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and many others. Truly it is God who has given light to a great many wonderful inventions in very mysterious ways.

I visited some places of historic celebrity, making a pilgrimage to Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed and made known to the public. I looked with veneration at many old relics which are too numerous to mention. I intend to write you more fully what I saw there after awhile. I saw the original Declaration of Independence; the principles set forth there have made a great republic of this country.

I wended my way to Carpenter's Hall, where President Washington and others had the first prayer offered in Congress. I was shown the spot where Washington, Patrick Henry and Benjamin Franklin kneeled at prayer. Each of the halls was densely crowded with Centennial visitors.

I went to see the spot where William Penn made the treaty with the Indians. There is a monument about eight feet high, to mark the place. The man who showed it told me that the tree under which the treaty was made, was cut down in 1812.

I visited the Swedish Church, (the oldest church in Philadelphia), which was built five years before the landing of William Penn. A pretty girl was sweeping the church; she saw me coming and kindly invited me in with a smiling face, and showed me the old elbow chair, old organ and marble baptismal font, all of which came from Sweden. She then led me into the old burial ground, in the midst of which the church stands, and showed me some very ancient tombstones, and told me by signs that they were also made in Sweden. I asked her how old the church is, and she replied, "176." She said that the bricks of which it is built, came from Sweden in a ship.

Messrs. Carlin and Trist very kindly showed me Christ Church, where Gen. Washington, Robert Morris, Benjamin Franklin and Francis Hopkinson used to attend divine worship. I had the honor of sitting in each of their pews. Their rector was Bishop White, who was a friend to the deaf-mutes, and through whose instrumentality the present Deaf and Dumb Institution was established.

He was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and filled the position until his death. The sexton showed me the place under the pulpit, which contains the ashes of William Penn's son, John Penn. Beneath the old church lie the remains of many great men.

I saw the venerable-looking church where Dr. Barnes, well known as the author of Barnes' notes, preached for forty years, I think.

It was curiosities that led me to Girard College, over which I was kindly shown. In one of the halls Stephen Girard's gig, furniture and other things are kept. I must not omit to say that one of his former clerks is the secretary of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia. His name is Mr. Barclay, and he is, I believe, the oldest Director of the Institution, having been first elected about the time it went into operation. I had the pleasure of seeing him, and he is still a smart gentleman. I had not seen him for thirty years.

I saw with a sad heart the graves of Dr. Benjamin Franklin and wife.

Mr. Carlin kindly showed me the house which the Deaf and Dumb Institution at first occupied. It is now a good hotel. He led me to the old-looking church, that my old Principal, Lewis Weld, attended, and thence to the house where President Washington used to live. He showed me the old shop where Washington used to have his watches regulated and repaired. He would have shown me some other places of note if he had

had time. I appreciated his kindness toward me very much. I had many nice talks with him, and found him an intelligent gentleman.

I went to the Academy of Fine Arts, where I spent one whole day. Among the relics which I saw were Gen. Washington's sofa, elbow chairs, epaulets, spectacles, razor, etc., Lafayette's epaulets, chairs, and camp-bed, John Hancock's red velvet coat and black velvet pants, and Franklin's sofa and chairs. I saw the old secretary on which Washington signed the death warrant of Major Andre, who was hung as a traitor. I saw the old gun barrel with which King Philip, the Indian chief, was killed. I saw, thirty years ago, the hill where he was shot dead by Capt. Church, near Providence, R. I. I wish I could tell you many more things which I saw and admired there.

I visited Baldwin's extensive locomotive works which occupy five acres. They

told me that they manufactured ten locomotives a week when they were busy, and that they used to employ 3,000 men, but that they now had only about 1,000 hands on account of the hard times.

I will soon write you more fully about the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where I received such a warm welcome from Principal Foster and his officers. I enjoyed myself with the deaf-mute teachers, Professors Pyatt and Trist, and Mrs. Coulter and Miss Knabe, whose kindness I shall never forget.

Mr. Foster is a true father to his pupils, and has a deep interest in their welfare. The Institution over which he presides is fortunately situated in a very healthy place, though it is in a large city. I was told that there had been but a few cases of sickness there in several years.

I cannot conclude without saying that I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, at the Pennsylvania Institution. I had a pleasant conversation with him, God's blessing ever rest on Mr. Foster, his officers and pupils.

Yours truly,

JOB TURNER.

The New York Institution.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 1876.

Visitors at the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes are always surprised at the perfect order kept throughout the whole establishment, and especially among the female pupils. They are always so neat, so cheerful, and so well behaved. Having been there visiting several times, more than ever, for I had leisure time this fall, I noticed them more than ever, for I had learned that the charge of them was now almost entirely in the hands of the assistant matron—Miss Prudence Lewis—a deaf-mute lady, who has been at the Institution for a number of years, and who has always fulfilled her duties in a very satisfactory manner. And there being as yet no matron at the Institution, she is, and has been doing double duty at least in that department, the leadership and control of the female pupils devolving upon her. But she is always pleasant to meet, and has, by her kindness of heart and practical good sense, won the respect and affection of all. She seems to enter into all their thoughts and feelings like a mother with her own children, and I often thought how pleased the parents must be to have such a place for their children, and to feel that such a suitable person has the charge of them; for none but a parent knows how hard it is to place a child in the care of strangers for so long a time as a term of school seems to be; and they cannot but feel grateful to one like Miss Lewis, who does so much to make them happy and comfortable while at school. Wishing her every success, we hope she may live long to fill the place as no other could, in the well-managed, well-kept New York Institution. I have visited many public Institutions in the United States, but have never yet met with the equal of this Institution in any way, and I believe that no one has ever visited it will object to what I say in its favor. And to those who have never visited it, I only invite them to do so at once and satisfy themselves, as I and many others have done. They will meet with the most cordial reception and kind attention from all connected with its admirable management, from the Superintendent, Principal, Teachers, and all the generous household. Every day seems to be a visiting day; so you feel that as you see them, so does every one who avails himself or herself of the pleasure and opportunity.

A College Disappointed.

The Syracuse Courier says: "We are informed that the Syracuse University is not so rich within \$25,000 as it was supposed to be. Something over a year ago, the University announced through the daily press that it had received a donation of \$25,000, and an urgent appeal was made to wealthy citizens to 'do likewise' and swell the assets of the University. The name of the party was not then given, nor has it ever been revealed. It turns out, however, that the donation consisted of \$25,000 worth of second mortgage bonds of the Chenango Valley railroad, worth, as our citizens are aware, absolutely nothing. Some time since the University was taxed on the bonds, and a meeting of the Executive Committee was appointed to take action upon the matter. It was decided by the committee that, as the bonds were not worth the taxes, they should be surrendered, and accordingly they were."

The school in Dist. No. 8 closed last Friday for two weeks, during which time some repairs will be made, such as laying new floors, putting in new seats of the latest and best style, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are very successful in their work and will remain.

—Thanksgiving to-day. May it be a pleasurable day to all our readers.

### Death of Judge Skinner.

Hon. Avery Skinner died at his home in Union Square, on Friday morning, the 24th inst., at the advanced age of eighty years.

Though his death has not been unanticipated, yet its announcement brings gloom and sorrow over the whole community. He has lived many years beyond the age described as the allotted duration of human life, and passed away in his full maturity, ripe as a sheaf for the sickle. For years he has been more or less troubled with some type of liver disease, which recently assumed a serious and fatal form. He was attended by Drs. Dayton and Green, but all that medical science could suggest was in vain. His extraordinary vital powers, which had so long baffled the disease, finally gave way, and his spirit took its noiseless flight.

The name of Avery Skinner is a household word in Oswego county, and probably no citizen has been more prominently identified with its history. Few men had warmer friends or a more extended acquaintance. His death is another inroad upon one of the best-known families in Central New York.

Judge Skinner was born in New Hampshire in 1796. His boyhood was spent on a farm, where he acquired that fondness for agricultural pursuits which many years of public life never abated. His early education was fair. His father's family was large, and its members have distinguished themselves as men of talent, worth and station. He is one of a family of nine children, only two of whom survive. They all lived to a great age. The Hon. Alanson Skinner, of Brownville, his brother, died last June, and his brother, Rev. Dolphus Skinner, of Utica, one of the most distinguished clergymen in the Universalist denomination, died a few years since. Mr. Skinner had his own way to make in the world, and bravely commenced as a school teacher at Watertown, where he lived for six years, and finally in 1822 settled at Union Square. He erected the hotel now standing at that place, and for a long time it was the headquarters of the leading county politicians. Its venerable walls have silently witnessed the victories and defeats of hundreds of anxious candidates.

He was a life-long Democrat, and was always influential in the councils of his party. A self-made man, by his own energy and ability he worked his way to some of the most prominent positions within the gift of the people. His political history has been marked by a long series of brilliant successes. Soon after settling at Union Square, John Q. Adams appointed him Postmaster, which position he has held ever since. For fifteen years he was Associate Judge of the County Court under the old system. He was early elected County Treasurer of this county, and remained so for about sixteen years. In 1831 he was elected to the Assembly, and re-elected in 1832. At that time there was but one member from this county. From 1833 to 1842 he represented this district in the State Senate, and during the same years, by virtue of his office, was a member of the Court for the Correction of Errors, which, under the old constitution, was the highest court in the State, and analogous to the present court of appeals. Walworth, Nelson, Bronson and Cowen belonged to the court at the time. While in the Senate Mr. Skinner was intimately associated with many of the intellectual giants who at that day found their way into that body, and few if any of the Senators commanded more respect and confidence. Nearly all of those men have passed away and are almost forgotten by the generation now rushing into their places. In 1846 he was a candidate for Congress and was defeated by William Duer by a few votes. No one has been longer connected with the active politics of the county than Mr. Skinner. He has attended every county convention of his party held during the past fifty-two years and has acted with four or five distinct classes or generations of politicians during his long career. Among the names of his earliest contemporaries in this country, now dead, we remember Joel Turrill, R. C. Kenyon, D. F. Brewster, A. P. Grant, E. B. Talcott, Peter Devendorf, Joseph Torrey, Elias Brewster, O. H. Whitney, Starr Clark, Judge Habell and Leander Babcock, all of whom have gone before him. But few of the leading men of that generation are living. As he looked around to find his early associates, nearly all gone from earth, how strongly he must have felt the sentiment.

On Friday evening, Dec. 1, T. D. Curtis, of Syracuse, State Deputy of the Sovereigns of Industry, will lecture at our place in behalf of that institution. Mr. Curtis is a deep, original thinker, and is worthy of being heard. The Sovereigns of Industry we believe is a good institution, akin to the Patron of Husbandry, both of them members of our grand army of laborers—one division comprehends the farmer, the other the mechanic, both are opposed to monopoly and both in favor of co-operation.

The idea of establishing reading-rooms in our villages is well worthy of attention. Let the reading matter be adapted to all classes of society. By all means have in the reading-room works and papers designed for the farmer and mechanic. These classes need mental food as well as others.

Our beloved country is now passing through another fiery ordeal. It is again upon trial for its future existence. It is the duty of every patriot to come to the front and endeavor to rescue the Union from danger. When the principal object of politics is to get office and have no grand principle for its guide, we must expect such times as these. A mere office-seeker will resort to any subterfuge to gain the victory, whether it be in the voting or counting of votes. The last political campaign should teach the American people a wise lesson, never to engage in another political warfare for the mere spoils of office. We have been taught by most of the political agitators to hate one another, and have no confidence in each other's integrity, and now we begin to reap the direful results.

Doubtless the people will never know who is fairly elected President, but whoever may be declared President we had better endure and make the best we can of the man. In no case resort to the bullet, but wait patiently for the magic power of the future ballot, for a sovereign remedy for all wrongs, actual or supposed.

Yesterday, Nov. 26, Rev. Mr. Cooper, of Mexico, preached at Lawson's Hall. He preaches there every two weeks.

ODD.

Parish, Nov. 27, 1876.

### A Temperance Lecture.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Lizzie Brown, a dissipated woman, was found yesterday in an out house in the rear of No. 7 Elizabeth street, her clothing in flames and too drunk to help herself. She had evidently kindled a fire on the floor to warm herself. She died in the Chambers street hospital last evening.

—At 6:30 A. M., Monday, Mary Ann Harvard, an aged woman of Oswego, was burned so as to cause death, by her clothing taking fire from a piece of burning paper thrown on the floor.

—Joseph Grant, of Oswego was robbed of a gold watch by highwaymen, in that city, Saturday night. They struck him with a board and knocked one of his teeth out after he was down.

—Dr. George Moore, supposed to be of Oswego, was found dead in his bed at the Albion Hotel, Stratford, Ont. Whisky,

### The Funeral.

He leaves a wife and four sons, the Hon. T. W. Skinner, of Mexico, Hon. C. R. Skinner, of Watertown, Rev. James Skinner, of Syracuse, Albert Skinner, Esq., of Hoosick Falls, and two daughters, Mrs. M. L. Wright and Mrs. C. H. Richardson, both of Mexico.

—The Funeral.

The funeral of Judge Skinner took place on Monday afternoon last from his late residence in Union Square, and was largely attended by the relatives and friends of the deceased. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. He was buried with Masonic rites, the lodges of Parish, Pulaski and Mexico being well represented. The body was deposited in a handsome casket, trimmed with floral offerings, the plate bearing the following inscription:

AVERY SKINNER,  
Died Nov. 24th, 1876,  
Aged 80 years.

### A Youthful Burglar.

The three Younger brothers have pleaded guilty to the murder of Cashier Haywood, in the attempted bank robbery at Northfield, Minn., and have all been sentenced to State Prison for life.

In the six million dollar suit of John G. Stevens against the Midland, an appeal to the United States Supreme Court has been granted.

The Franklin arrived in New York, Thursday, with William M. Tweed; he was immediately taken to Ludlow street jail.

A colossal statue of Daniel Webster was unveiled in Central Park, New York, Saturday.

Tilden's official majority on the highest vote for an elector in New York State 33,065; Robinson's majority is 30,460.

Jeff. Davis arrived in New York, from England, Saturday.

The United States has brought a suit for \$22,078 against Gen. O. O. Howard, for defalcation, as agent of the freedmen's bureau.

Dr. Schliemann has discovered immense subterranean tombs, supposed to be those of Agamemnon and Cassandra, at Argos, Greece.

The depression in the foreign iron trade is unprecedented.

There was withdrawn from the Bank of England, Friday, \$750,000 in specie for shipment to the United States.

The Empire State has justified its name. It polled for President more than one million votes.

Rev. J. D. Williamson, D. D., a distinguished Universalist author and divine, and one of the fathers of Odd Fellowship in America, died in Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday afternoon, aged 70.

The jury in the case of Martinez against Del Valle, a New York brewer of promise case, in which the complainant claims \$50,000 damages, brought in a verdict for plaintiff, assessing damages at \$50.

Last Friday night, six masked burglars entered the house of R. D. Winney, in Northumberland, Saratoga county, bound and gagged the occupants, and carried away \$300. On Sunday morning, four masked burglars entered the house of Benjamin Slade, near Wallingford, Saratoga county, and obtained \$400 in the same manner as above described.

Mayor Wickham has nominated James S. Thayer for comptroller of New York.

Four persons perished in a fire at Chicago, Monday.

The South Carolina returning board have been released from prison by a writ of habeas corpus, issued by a United States court.

James Whiteside, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, is dead.

Famine is spreading in India.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is opposing the French government's religious policy, to make capital for himself and a prospective monarchy.

Miss Sarah D. Van Wager, an orphan 18 years of age, niece of William A. Davies, president of the Farmers' & Manufacturers' Bank of Poughkeepsie, died Nov. 26th, from terrible burns accidentally received in her room Saturday evening. Her clothing caught fire from a half-burned match or from a fragment of paper partially burned.

In the billiard tournament in New York, Monday, Slosson beat Joe Dion 300 to 298; Rudolphe beat Daly 300 to 122, and Garner beat Shafer 300 to 197.

D. D. Bullock is warned by an anonymous letter to leave Buffalo in ten days or die. He says he can't wind up his business in that time, but will give \$500 for the identification of the cowardly wretch who wrote him the letter.

### Board of Supervisors.

The Board of Supervisors met at the Court House in Oswego, on Monday evening, when the Chairman, Hon. H. J. Daggott, announced the following standing committees:

Constables' and Justices' Accounts—Messrs. Smith, Phillips, Lee, Taylor, Fleming, Rudd.

Sheriff's and Jailors' Accounts—Messrs. Brigham, Harding, Sampson.

### Slovenly Grammar.

It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar. No matter how pretty she may be or how attractive in outside appearance, all that goes for naught if she says "Good mornin'" and "Good evenin'." Suppose she comes, like the Queen of Sheba, "with a very great train," and fail to put objectives after her prepositions, will it not mar the glory of her coming? Seriously, should a woman be called "graceful" who continually stumbles over her final consonants and says "Lemme go?" "A good eal," "Firs rate," "Han' me that blottin' paper?" It's a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of your sweetheart, your own special beloved one, that she resolutely declined young Phitkin's invitation to the theatre, but when the artless maid half closes her eyes and murmurs, "If he came for me in a golden chariot I wouldn't have went!" you do not feel so comfortable, so negligently at ease, as you were before that last remark of Araminta's. Women should not deceive themselves. The most uncoth, illiterate man knows what elegant and correct English is when he hears it. He may not be able to string three words correctly himself, but he sniffs the harmony of a rounded sentence from afar. It is instinctive. See how workmen hang upon the lips of an orator! Of his meaning they know little or nothing, but the "energy, number and cadence," they catch, and the harmonious sound pleases the ear.—*Kenneshaw Gazette*.

### She Counted Them.

"There are exactly seven real gentlemen in this audience," observed a Chicago young lady to her escort, as he came back to his seat smiling and chewing on a clove, between the acts, at the opera one night this week.

"How do you arrive at so definite a number?" he softly inquired, as he dropped into his seat.

"By simply counting them," replied she roguishly; "when the curtain dropped last time, I counted all who didn't have to go out to 'see a man'!"

The young man started, hemmed, and seemed very anxious to have the next part of the evening's performance start in.—*Chicago Journal*.

—Papers with "patent outside" have been declared by courts, both in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to be not proper mediums for the publication of legal advertisements, insomuch as they are not printed "in the county" in which the interest affected by such advertising exists.

### Real Estate Sales.

Thos. W. Green to Mrs. Caroline Van Antwerp, land in Hastings, \$1. Aug., 1876.

O. A. Rice to James M. Ballou, land in Albion, \$100. June, 1872.

Maggie M. Fandler to Ellen Quackenbush, land in Albion, \$600. April, 1876.

George Balcom to Virgil Green, land in Redfield, \$80. Oct., 1875.

Theresa Breakhamer to Sarah J. Henn, land in Hastings, \$700. Oct., 1876.

Mary C. Besanson to Theresa Breakhamer, land in Hastings, \$800. April, 1875.

Mary Kitz to Joseph George, Jr., land in Hastings, \$725. March, 1874.

Charlotte R. Horton to J. Benjamin Deault, et al., land in Albion, \$306.50. Nov., 1876.

Varnam Smith to Anna Nichols, land in Albion, \$1,000. Dec., 1872.

Ogilvie H. Tuller to Randsford Tripp, land in Palermo, \$3,300. Nov., 1876.

Randsford Tripp to Ogilvie H. Tuller, land in Palermo, \$2,500. Nov., 1876.

Abigail Babcock to Jane Murphy, land in Albion, \$25. June, 1874.

Emma N. Beebe, et al., to John Driggs, lot in Mexico, \$300. November, 1876.

Bates Stevens, et al., to C. D. Walker, land in Hastings, \$1. October, 1876.

GREAT SPECIAL SALE Linen and House Furnishing Goods at MILTON S. PRICES.

I shall inaugurate this

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13th, my great annual special sale of Bleached and Brown Linens, Napkins, Doyle's Damask and Huckabuck Towels,

Turkey Red Tablecloths, &c.

Together with a full line of rich Marseilles Quilts,

Rose Blankets, &c.

Double Fold Sheetings,

Linen Sheetings,

Pillow Cotton and Linens

A great drive,

5,000 extra Crotchet Quilts,

only \$1.25 each,

worth \$2 each.

Red Lace Curtains,

Nottingham Laces and

All Kinds Upholstery Goods,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Matting, &c.

This is a rare chance for housekeepers and hotel keepers to supply themselves with these necessities at a great saving from their former low prices.

Please examine these great bargains, at

Milton S. Price's Mammoth Store,

38 and 40 South Salina St., Syracuse.

Drawing of Jurors.

The following petit jurors have been

drawn for the County Court and Court

of Sessions which will meet in Oswego, December 4. There is no grand jury for

this court.

DeWitt Simmons, Fayette Todo,

Alanson B. Ingels, Franklin F. Clark,

Palermo; William Siver, James Delong,

John Fox, Reuben D. Sheldon, Schropel;

S. M. Dubois, John B. Sewell,

Daniel Conard, Scriba; Reuben Morris,

Rowland Clark, Elisha Hyde, Barnes Case, Granby; Samuel Hall, Jarard Blakeslee, Hannibal; William Adams, Reuben Evertz, John Schemmerhorn,

New Haven; Edward Coy, Daniel O'Connor, Harman Timerson, Fred Daushey, Thomas Hart, Edward R. Weed, Wm. Barker, George Skinner,

John N. Collins, Joseph Lee, Nicholas Sands, H. B. Doolittle, Oswego city;

Martin Van Buren, Cyrus Howard, James Stevens, Eber Gardner, Volney.

The Palaski Democrat says the res-

idence of Wm. Rockfellow, of Holmes

ville, was destroyed by fire on Monday

evening of last week. The fire origi-

nated up stairs, and only a part of the

furniture could be saved. Mrs. Burton, a

daughter of Mr. R. L., lost a gold watch and \$90 in money. Loss not stated. Insurance, \$1,600.

Farmers and others, please re-

member that you can find a superior lot of Horse Blankets at J. T. Brown's Harness Shop, and that he is bound to sell them very cheap—cheaper than ever before; and he wants you to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

When you wish to know about the new fall fashions for Ladies' Sacques, Cloaks, &c., go to Stone, Robinson & Co., where they keep themselves posted.

Good Japan Tea 35 cents per

pound, or three pounds for \$1. at

WHYBORN'S.

Oct. 25, 1876. 52

### PALERMO.

Yesterday the funeral of Mrs. Harriet Burdick was attended at Sayle's Corners, the Rev. Judson Davis officiating. Mrs. Burdick had long been a resident of our town, and the large course of friends who assembled to pay their last respects, well testified the high appreciation and regard in which she was held. There, with the chill winds and the rustling leaves of autumn, we paid our last respects.

"How do you arrive at so definite a number?" he softly inquired, as he dropped into his seat.

"By simply counting them," replied she roguishly; "when the curtain dropped last time, I counted all who didn't have to go out to 'see a man'!"

The young man started, hemmed, and seemed very anxious to have the next part of the evening's performance start in.—*Chicago Journal*.

—Papers with "patent outside" have been declared by courts, both in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to be not proper mediums for the publication of legal advertisements, insomuch as they are not printed "in the county" in which the interest affected by such advertising exists.

For one word of kindly praise

Is worth a torrent of abuse.

Duck shooting has been a favorite sport along the Catfish creek this fall, and some of the sportsmen have been quite successful in bagging the aquatic fowls.

YU NO.

Fulton has a course of twelve (home talent) lectures.

The most stylish wedding cards this season are those with monograms.

The New Haven M. E. church has had a present—a nice Bible and hymn book.

Joseph Robarge, while chopping in the woods one day last week, slipped, and fell upon his axe, inflicting an ugly wound in the side of his neck, below the ear.

The only man in whom we take an absorbing interest now is the one who is troubled with a surplus of Thanksgiving turkeys.—*Eastern Free Press*.

Rev. Frank N. Greeley has been engaged by the Congregationalists of Orwell to preach to them at the Union Church on alternate Sabbaths.

Charley Beebe has "hung out his shingle," and opened a law office in Morse & Irish's insurance office. He has our best wishes for his success.

The meetings at the M. E. Church, which are held morning, afternoon and evening, are well attended and increasing in interest.

Turkeys are studying mental arithmetic now-a-day, and counting their toes to find out how many days will elapse before Thanksgiving.

Frank Estes, of Adams, for many years conductor on the R. W. & O. R.R., died Saturday morning.

Ralph Sherman, of Pulaski, a hay press operator, while scuffling last Friday, fell and broke his left leg above the ankle.

There was a leap year party at H. H. Dobson's a few evenings since. It is needless to state that all had good time.

Oswego is jubilant over the fact that the case of the 48th Regiment on "filed sights" is to be reopened. The case is being investigated to-day (Thursday), at the State Arsenal in New York.

This is the season of the genuine Indian Summer. It is supposed to have been originated by Pocahontas, for the purpose of giving the average citizen a chance to put off buying his overcoat until after he got paid for his vote.—*Fulton Times*.

One afternoon last week Mrs. C. B. Thompson was surprised by her Sunday school class, who invaded her house, and proceeded to make themselves and her comfortable. They brought good things to eat, spent the afternoon and evening, had a good time, and departing, left behind them not exactly "footprints on the sands of time," but upwards of eleven dollars in hard cash, as a slight token of their appreciation of her work and works.

We hope a large audience will assemble to hear the recitations and declamations given in the Presbyterian church, to-morrow (Friday) evening, by the members of the graduating class of '77. Teachers and pupils have spared no pains in preparation, and we doubt not the exhibition will be a most excellent one. Show by your presence that you appreciate their efforts to entertain you.

LADIES' SACQUES.

LADIES! Please take notice that we now have on hand Ladies' Sacques of the new fall styles, and are prepared to manufacture Sacques and Cloaks of the latest patterns. We have a good assortment of plain and fur Beaver, Drapette and Cashmere, and the trimming suitable to the times. We can cut your sacques in any style you may wish, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in style and workmanship. With years of experience we feel confident that we can give our customers all the information they will want in regard to styles of cut, trimming, &c.

We have had a good deal of experience in cutting over old garments, and will give information free.

While in New York and Philadelphia we informed ourselves as to the most fashionable and practical leading styles, and would invite your careful inspection before purchasing, and believe we can make it to your interest to do so.

NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.

With one person can do more work and it better, than five can with any other Mop.

Every Family Needs One.

Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without it. It is made of very heavy material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard wear than a Clothes Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8.

Price, \$2.00 each.

For sale by GOIT & CASTLE.

Mexico, June 6, 1876.

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GOIT & CASTLE.

GOIT & CASTLE.